Northern Messenger

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Armour Mission.

A GREAT PHILANTHROPY IN CHICAGO.

The Armour Mission was established in November, 1886, and owes its origin to the bequest of the late Joseph Armour, who left $100,000 for its foundation and directed that the carrying out of his design should be intrusted chiefly to his brother, P. D. Armour. The latter accepted the trust willingly, and, giving the matter the same attention, energetic and critical, that he has always given to his private affairs enlarged upon the original design of his brother and added from his own resources whatever was necessary in order to make the facilities for the work complete in every detail, thus more than doubling the original fund.

Mr. Armour has a deep interest in children, and it is his desire to help all those who are ambitious to help themselves. It being his firm conviction that boys and girls develop into useful and happy men and women according to their early training and surroundings, he feels that he can do much for the advancement of humanity by lending a helping hand to childhood and youth. This conviction has inspired and guided him in all he has done in connection with the Mission, and in the Institute, which has been an outgrowth of it.

The Mission is located on the corner of Thirty-third and Butterfield streets, a beautiful building constructed of the best and costliest material. It is a broad and wholly non-sectarian institution, free to all to the extent of its capacity, without distinction as to race or creed.

The largest department of this beautiful charity is the Sunday-school, with its kindergarten, where there are nearly two thousand children in attendance. Every Sunday afternoon sees Mr. Armour here, and he finds great happiness among the children to whom he gives so much of delight and benefit. The choir for this service is selected from the pupils of the music department, where the children are drilled in singing every Wednesday afternoon. There is also a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

A source of much benefit to the frequenters of the Mission is in the library. Here is arranged a collection of the best works of the standard authors in literature, American history and biography, and also of modern religious writers.

The Boys' Brigade of Armour Mission has developed into the Armour Battalion. The object of the drill of this battalion is to promote habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect and all that tends to true manliness. The company is fully officered and admirably drilled.

The girls, too, have their Drill Corps. This is composed of two companies, well drilled in physical culture. The girls wear a uniform of white flannel blouse, blue skirt and zouave jacket, with scarlet mortar-board cap, black shoes and stockings and white gloves. Much of the social enjoyment of the Mission is afforded by the efforts of these girls, who give pretty entertainments which are generously patronized. By means of the proceeds from these entertainments the girls are able to defray the expenses of their summer excursions.

Quite distinct from the Sunday-school kindergarten is what is known as the Armour kindergarten proper, which has been from the first the object of Mrs. Armour's special thought and care. Here are brought together children of all sorts and conditions, and there is observed neither race, religion nor color line, good behavior and an honest endeavor to do their best being the only requirements for social distinction.

Chicago is as cosmopolitan in respect to its residents as any city on the seaboard and the children come to the kindergarten from families of all nationalities. A large proportion of them are of Swedish parentage, and among these are found some of the most painstaking and enthusiastic workers. There are also many Germans, Irish, Italians, Bohemians and French, beside the young Americans properly so-called. The little colored children from Armour avenue and Dearborn street meet there on the same footing with the fair children from more aristocratic neighborhoods, and the dainty little maidens from the flats sit beside other less favored ones whose homes are in dark and dingy rear tenements, and to whom the kindergarten is a paradise of comfort, delight and freedom unwonted.

PHILIP B. ARMOUR.

The children assemble from a wide territory with a radius of four or five blocks, but they are so devoted to their school that neither winter cold nor summer heat seems to discourage them, the average attendance remaining about the same throughout the eleven months of the year, the school being closed during August. Children are received at the age of three and kept until they are six, the school age, and the commodious quarters make it possible to admit all applicants.

Every Friday a light lunch is served, and if any child has been fortunate enough to have had a birthday within the week, it is presented with a birthday cake, ornamented with the proper number of candles, which, when lighted, give a quite festal appearance to the room. The happy child takes home the cake, candles and all, and a second celebration is then held, making the day one long to be remembered. Friday is always the happiest day of the week, and little surprises are planned for the children on this day in the way of special music, to which they listen with very great delight.

Visitors are always welcome to the kindergarten, and scarcely a day passed without the appearance of some, who wonder, question, and admire. Once a month the mothers of the children meet with the teachers and are given a short talk bearing on the children, their physical wants, moral training, home amusement, everything that pertains to their careful bringing up. Light refreshments are served and the mothers are encouraged to talk freely, all of which results in a better understanding between parents and teachers.

But the Mission is not given entirely to the needs of the children. A Saturday Night Club, composed of young men, is carried on for the purpose of the work usually connected with literary societies. The ordinary programme is made up of debates, essays, readings and discussions of literature. This work is very elevating and refining to the young men, besides giving them entertainment and instruction and keeping them from less desirable places and amusements. There is also a Young Women's Club which meets every Friday evening for the purpose of mental improvement.

To yield an annual revenue for this mission Mr. Armour built the Armour Flats. This is a large building adjoining the Mission, and is divided into two hundred and thirteen flats of six or seven rooms each, where families can find clean and pretty homes at a rental of from seventeen to thirty-five dollars per month. This building serves a two-fold purpose. Beside providing an income for the Mission it helps to carry out Mr. Armour's idea that if you build pleasant homes for people with small incomes they will leave their ugly surroundings and lead brighter lives.—'Union Gospel News.'

Sights Unseen.

(By the Rev. G. E. White.)

More than once 'The Sunday School Times' has published an article on the theme of 'Seeing the Invisible,' showing the need of looking with the spiritual eye beyond the things of sense. Two further illustrations come to my mind.

Not long since, in company with two friends, I had the pleasure of a visit to the old Hittite region of Euyuk and Boghaz-kpui in central Asia Minor, where we saw the wonderful writing, pictures, sculptures, lions, etc., carved upon the rocks by the Hittites in the time of the Old Testament. Inquiring of the people for any new places of similar interest, we were directed to the village of Eski Yapar. There we saw Greek burial-stones perhaps a thousand years of age, and a Roman milestone of Antoninus Pius, well nigh two thousand years old. Then a villager remarked that there was another queer stone near by; perhaps we would like to look at it, though it had no writing nor anything of that sort. On going to the spot indicated, we found a fine specimen of a Hittite lion, carved in red sandstone, and—uncomfortably erected upon his tail—built into the corner of a dwelling-house. Strange to say, the humble 'Red-head' or Shiite Mohammedan villagers had never seen a

lion's form in that stone. The owner of the house, a middle-aged Turk, had lived there all his days, had pillowed his head within a few feet of that noble specimen every night of his life, and yet not only had never seen the lion's form before, but with great difficulty could he make it out when it was shown to him. Eyes only a little trained could see the wonderful relic of three thousand years where other eyes looked and saw nothing.

A few days later, I was in another village of Turkey on the Sabbath, and met a good Armenian brother, who for many years, without asking compensation, has preached the gospel every Sunday to the little congregation he had gathered. But heart disease had fastened upon him, and, as I came into the room that afternoon, I felt that my old friend was nearing his end. He talked with the eagerness of a man to whom life is rich and sweet, of his desires and efforts to get well, of his wife and little children, of the congregation he loved, and the useful school he had been able to provide for the children. But, feeling that his great change was at hand, I inquired if Christ was near to him while he was on his sick-bed. 'I've even seen him,' was the answer. And then he went on to narrate how, a week before, Christ had appeared to him, and said, 'Don't fear; I'll take care of you, and I'll provide for your family.' Said he, 'My sickness was gone; I was a well man. I rose, dressed myself, walked about the house and out into the garden in health and gladness.' 'It did not last long,' he continued. 'Pretty soon my disease came back upon me, and I had to return to my bed. But I've seen Christ, and now it doesn't matter whether I live or die. It's all right, for I've seen Christ.'

Christ may appear to you or me in some different way; but I think his appearance to that good brother, now gone to his eternal reward, was as real as to Paul on the Damascus road. Christ manifested himself to his disciples as he did not to the world; I believe he does so now. The prophet of the Old Testament was called the Seer at first. It was as Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest, saw each for himself a vision of God, that he was prepared for his work. The Christian of to-day needs, first of all, as Moses did, to 'see him who is invisible,' then he can endure.—'Sunday School Times'

What to Teach.

(By the Rev. F. L. Snyder.)

Teach the word of God. But do not attempt to teach what you do not know. True, there are things in the bible of which we have no knowledge. But there is nothing in the word of God that may not be grasped by either our reason or our faith; hence what we can not or what we do not grasp by reason or faith we should not attempt to teach. Here is the weak point with too many of our Sunday-school teachers to-day. They know, so to say, nothing of the doctrines of repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, sanctification and glorification, because their faith has not grasped them. True, they may have some theoretical knowledge of them, but of how little value is that when the experience is wanting. No one can teach repentance who has not repented; or conversion who has not been converted. In fact, no one can teach anything as he ought, unless he has experienced it himself.

Recently in our teachers' meeting a remark was dropped that no one ought to teach in Sunday-school who was not converted. Shortly thereafter a young lady who was present, offered her resignation, saying that she was not converted and that she did not feel that she ought to teach. That certainly was candid. But the better thing to have done would have been to have sought the qualification she lacked. That is the point I would make. If any who read these lines are convicted of the same incompetency, seek conversion until you find it. Not only as a qualification to teach, but you yourself can never be saved unless you are converted.

Teach facts. Not mere theories and speculations, but facts—truths which your faith has grasped and your heart has felt. Teach them not as airy abstractions, but as glorious realities. Study thoroughly the needs of each scholar, and then direct the most salient truths of the lesson irrepressibly to their hearts. Send them like darts burnished in love's fiery furnace and backed by an invincible faith and ardor. Show them the Saviour in every lesson, and the excellence of that life which is in him by faith. And above all let your own life be a magnet of moral and spiritual attraction, that will win their confidence and their souls for Jesus.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

'A Living Epistle.'

(By Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol.)

Some years ago I took part in the Dublin Mission, and was entrusted with Christ Church, Leeson Park. The Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken was Missioner at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

One morning I received a letter thanking me for a sermon I had preached on the day preceding. The writer said she had heard Mr. Aitken, who led her to believe more firmly in the historic reality of the Incarnation; but 'You have led me a step further. You preached on the text: No man can call Jesus the Lord but by the Holy Ghost. I now believe, not only in the historic fact of the Incarnation, but I believe in Jesus as my personal Saviour.'

After morning service who should come into the vestry at Christ Church but Mr. Aitken. He said:

'Pigou, I have come to tell you something you will rejoice to hear.'

'Let me tell you first,' I said, 'how you have been helping a soul to a belief in Christ, which was a step toward a full acceptance of Him.'

Mr. Aitken then told me that he had an interview with a lady of rank and wealth, who had long professed agnosticism, the affected excuse for a worldly life. He was led to ask her when she first began to think seriously. Could she recall the time or occasion when any saving impression was made upon her?

Her story was this: She was one of a large 'house-party' that had met for some local races. Somewhat satiated with two days' racing, it was proposed that instead of going to the races on the third day they should take a walk into the neighboring town.

As they approached it they saw placards announcing a 'Ten days' mission.' They heard a bell ringing. Accosting a boy, they asked him why the bell was ringing.

The lad explained, as best he could, that a mission was being held, and directed them to the church where it was taking place.

'Let us go in,' they said, 'for a lark.'

Mr. Aitken had no recollection of the subject of his sermon; but, under God, it so arrested the attention of one of the party that, on his return home, instead of quenching the Spirit, he at once acted on the 'godly motions.' He said to himself, and, with new-born courage, said to his friend—

'It has come home to me to-day that the life I am living is not worthy of the Redeemer. It is worthless as it is. It is made for, and capable of, better things.'

He then and there 'renounced the world,' and shortly after offered himself for the 'work of an evangelist' in India.

Now it was the reality of her friend's convictions, and the practical form which they immediately took, which so deeply and abidingly impressed her. She was not the least impressed by anything she heard. She was not even interested in the sermon which was being blessed to her companion, but the evident decision for Christ, the consecration of the life to His service powerfully impressed her.

This impression she did not put away, nor endeavor to get rid of. It clave to her memory. In God's good time, by and under Mr. Aitken's ministry, it prepared her, as a ploughshare running through furrow, for yet fuller and more personal conviction. It inclined her to a more favorable attitude of mind towards the reception of that message which under God was blessed to her own conversation.—'Sunday Companion.'

My Lord and I.

(Sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots 300 years ago.)

I have a friend so precious,
  So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
  He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from him,
  I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
  My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
  He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
  His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
  Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
  My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
  He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
  My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love
  In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
  My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
  I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
  I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
  He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together,
  My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
  Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
  The loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
  And why he came to die,
And so we work together,
  My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
  And easy 'tis to bear;
In the burden which he carries
  I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
  To have him always nigh—
We bear the yoke together,
  My Lord and I.

—'Congregationalist.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Monkeyland.

(The Rev. John Isabele, F.E.S.)

The gorilla claims to be the rightful king of the monkeys. Three pretenders, it is true, dispute his right, all three like himself being distinguished by the absence of a tail. The orang pleads that it has a better brain, the chimpanzee points out that it has a thinner skull, and the gibbon boasts of a more shapely chest. But the King of the Castle is surely he who can hold his ground against all comers, Carlyle's able man; and in stature, bulk and strength, combined with brain power, the gorilla stands supreme. The pretenders may murmur in his absence, but in his presence no monkey, with or without a tail, dares to assert himself. He is the King —Gorilla Augustus!

As is natural in a black king, the gorilla reigns in the land of Ham, making his home in Western Equatorial Africa, between the Cameroon and Congo rivers.

The male gorilla measures, commonly, over five feet six inches in height, and sometimes reaches six feet. He has an exceedingly massive skeleton, and a large body, powerful, projecting jaws with enormous canine teeth, long muscular arms, and a chest which any athlete might envy. Altogether a gentleman not to be trifled with, seeing that, in addition to his physical gifts, he is brave and even fierce. His mate is much smaller and less rugged in appearance, and has a shorter bridge to her nose, a longer upper lip, and less projecting teeth. She is usually considered to have a greater share of personal beauty than her husband, but is undoubtedly 'the weaker vessel.'

A GORILLA.

The skin of the gorilla is deep black, and his shaggy coat is of iron-grey with often a touch of brown.

The black face and hands are uncovered. The face has a very poor crop of whiskers, but there is a distinct beard under the chin. When the gorilla loses his temper, as he does sometimes under provocation, the stiff hairs on his head stand upright. His voice when angry is a deep roar.

The gorilla is, so to speak, a family man. It is difficult to give many details about his life, for he is naturally of a retiring disposition; but as far as can be ascertained, he appears to travel about in company with his wife and children, continually 'moving on' as the supply of food becomes exhausted. There is a rumor—let us hope it is a libel—which says that sometimes he has two wives at the same time. He is for the most part a vegetarian, although by no means a bigoted one, relieving the comparative insipidity of palm-cabbage, plums, and nuts, with an occasional dish of the flesh of birds, small mammals, and of bird's eggs. It is reported that sometimes he so far forgets himself as to procure his vegetables without permission and without payment from the nearest garden. If this be true, it shows clearly that even gorillas do not always carry on business on sound principles.

The gorilla is, for the most part, an inhabitant of the forest, but, although an active climber, prefers usually to remain on the solid ground. Leaping from tree to tree from morning till night is all very well for monkeys whose dispositions are frivolous, and whose bodies are light, but the gorilla is a grave being, taking life very seriously, and is too portly and dignified to be enamored of mere restlessness. Imagine a solid alderman turning somersaults on the horizontal bar! The thing is absurd. If the gorilla wishes to procure some nuts for breakfast, he naturally goes where the nuts are to be found, that is, up the trees, but he has the good sense to come down again when he has secured the nuts.

Like a sensible being, the gorilla works for his living by day, and rests by night. It is said that a kind of bed is made up for the mother and children on a tree out of reach of prowling beasts, and, when his family are comfortably tucked in, the good father sits on the ground with his back against the tree keeping guard. Few animals attempt to break into his well ventilated apartments upstairs, for the old gentleman's arms are long, and his teeth strong, and he does not scruple to inflict instant capital punishment upon burglars. Whether the gorilla loves a fight or not, I cannot say. Anyhow, he is courageous enough to face any foe in defence of his family; and, when brought to bay, is, by common consent, a most dangerous enemy. But he prefers peace, if he can have it with honor, and is more inclined to use his big teeth cracking nuts, than in crunching the bones of man of beast. It cannot be denied that among the gentlemen gorillas duels are sometimes fought; and, sad to say, the quarrel is generally about some lady. But this is a subject too delicate and painful to be pursued.

If attacked by day or night the gorilla turns his face to the foe,, but the only credit he receives for his bravery is to be called by most writers a hideous monster. A man who defends his wife and children is a hero; a gorilla who does the same is a ferocious brute.

It would be a marvel if the gorilla showed much amiability to the human race seeing that man, whether African or European, seizes every opportunity of killing him by primitive hunting traps and by breech-loading rifles. The African, at all events, has been inspired by the gorilla with a salutary respect and even dread. He does not care to openly attack the animal, and his common method of taking it is to suspend a weighted

spear in its path rather than to meet it face to face.

So much do the natives respect and fear the gorilla that they have invented many legends about him, some grotesque and others ghastly. 'A gorilla was walking in the forest when suddenly he met a leopard,' said the people of Ashira to Du Chaillus. 'The gorilla stopped, and so did the leopard. The latter, being hungry, crouched for a spring at his prey, whereat the gorilla set up a hideous roar. Undismayed by this, the leopard made his leap, but was caught in mid-air by the gorilla, who seized his foe by the tail and whirled him round his head till the tail broke off and the animal escaped, leaving his brush in the hands of the gorilla.' Again, 'As the gorilla was walking in the forest with his wife and baby they came suddenly upon a huge elephant, who said: "Let me pass, gorilla, for these woods belong to me." "Oh! oh!" said the gorilla. "How do the woods belong to thee? Am not I master here? Am not I the man of the woods? Do not I roam where I please?" and, ordering his wife and baby to go aside, he broke down a large tree and, brandishing it like a club, made at the elephant, whom he soon killed.'

These stories, absurd in themselves, show clearly the impression made upon the natives by the creature's size, strength and courage. So much do they dread the gorilla that they firmly believe he sits upon a tree above the forest paths, lying in wait for unwary travellers; and that, when a party of negroes are passing along, he reaches down his great hand-like foot and seizes a man by the neck, only to let go his hold when life has left the body. As a matter of fact, this is purely imaginary. The gorilla is harmless enough if left alone, and prefers sitting with his back against a tree watching the innocent gambollings of his offspring to taking troublesome negroes by the throat.

Few opportunities have been afforded of studying the habits of the gorilla in captivity, for he is troublesome to catch, difficult to tame, and hard to keep alive. Like all his kinsfolk, he suffers much from consumption when brought into a cold climate, and his sojourn in Europe is usually very short. A specimen which lived for fifteen months in Berlin appears to have reached a high degree of civilization. He took his food from a plate, helping himself with his thumb and two fingers, and, in drinking, lifted the vessel containing water to his mouth, carefully placing it on the table when empty. He was extremely clean in his habits, and made a point of brushing his coat when it was needed. He was very fond of sugar and fruit, and opened the cupboard door to get what he wanted, often without leave, shutting the door again before he began to eat. Thunder frightened him, but he delighted in drumming on tin trays and hollow articles. His temper is described as mischievous, but not malicious. What German training might have brought about can never be known, for consumption ended his captivity and his life.

Such is the King of the Monkeys—rugged, strong, courageous, not a blameless character, but certainly not as black as he has been painted. He is, at all events, of a modest, retiring disposition, and of frugal habits; and, as far as can be ascertained, is sober and well conducted, a good husband and a careful father.—The Temperance Monthly.'

By Mail.

(By Sally Campbell.)

One Sunday afternoon, Miss Marion Fuller's class of five little girls waited after Sunday-school to speak to their teacher.

'Well, dearies, what is it?' asked Miss Marion, looking around the circle of her eager-eyed little flock.

They hung their heads and smiled, and looked at one another speechless.

'This must be something very important,' laughed Miss Marion. 'Won't somebody please tell me about it? Won't you, Kittie?'

Thus singled out, Kittie Osborne slid one small hand coaxingly under Miss Marion's arm, and, getting very red in the face, said:

'It's just that we want to be a society, please, Miss Marion. All our sisters are in societies, and we thought maybe we could make one—just a small one—just all of us together, if somebody would only show us how. They say we are too little to help anything, and that's what societies are for. But you don't think we are,—do you, Miss Marion?'

Miss Marion sat down in a chair at the end of the aisle, and drew them all closely around her.

'Indeed, I do not! I think that you could be a lovely society, and I can't tell you how glad I am that you wish to help. But you must remember, little girls, that, if we are really going to help anybody, we must be willing to give up some of our own pleasure to do it. You know that—don't you?'

'Yes'm,' said the little girls.

Then Miss Marion told them to come to her house the next afternoon, and she would make them into a society, and so off they went much delighted.

The next morning, Miss Marion called on Mrs. Fisher, the minister's wife.

'Can you tell me,' she asked, 'of some preacher out in the West who has a large family of children, not very big, mostly girls?'

'I should think I could,' said Mrs. Fisher. 'I can tell you of plenty of them. I got a letter just the other day from a Mr. Humphrey, who has five children, the oldest thirteen and the youngest six, and they are all girls.'

'Five girls!—delightful! Why, that is a perfect fit! Do tell me where they live, and all about them.'

Far away, in a little Western town, one bleak, gray winter's morning, Mrs. Humphrey, the minister's wife, went singing about her work. It seemed as though it would never be done, for Mrs. Humphrey was tired and troubled, but she sang cheerfully through it all; and when, at last, she could rest for a few moments, she smoothed the anxious lines carefully out of her forehead before she crossed the threshold of the sitting-room.

'Mother, dear,' called a tired little voice from the lounge, 'when you were small like me, did all your four sisters go away to school every day and leave you? And then did your mother have to keep busy in the other rooms so she couldn't do anything except sing to be company for you?'

'But, you see,' answered Mrs. Humphrey gayly, 'I didn't have but two sisters. If we had to give away two of our girls, which two would you give?'

'Not any,' said Amy, promptly,—'not one; we like them all four,—don't we?'

'Yes, we do,—all five.'

And Mrs. Humphrey stooped to kiss the thin face on the pillow. Amy pulled her head down close to her own.

'Mother,' she whispered, 'does God know how lonesome it gets sometimes?'

'Yes, dear.'

'I suppose he cares,—doesn't he?'

Poor tired Mrs. Humphrey, this was more than she could stand! She broke into a little sob, and hid her face in the cushions.

'Why, mother!' cried Amy, much distressed. 'Never mind, mother dear! Of course, he cares. I'm a naughty girl to say such a thing,—that's exactly what I am.'

Presently Mrs. Humphrey lifted her head, and she laughed a little as she wiped her eyes.

'We two are not very brave soldiers today,—are we? It will never do for us to lose heart like this. You know, Amy, your father has come far off here, away from home, on purpose to tell the people how much God cares for them. Some of them are very poor, and work very hard, and have a lot of trouble, and oh, they need so much to feel sure of God's love and pity! So father is trying all the time to tell them, and you and I and our four school-girls ought to help him just as much as we can. We ought to be proud to have a share in such beautiful work.

'But how can we'

'By being brave and happy and loving, and making father's home the sweetest place in the world for him. Poor father, if he thought his own little daughter couldn't trust God's love to her!'

'But I can! Now I can!' said Amy.

Two bright red spots had come into her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars.

'I'm so ashamed, and I'm so glad you made me understand the idea. I never thought before that I could help anybody by lying here. But I can, if I have the courage to be contented—can't I? I'm going to try.'

Two or three days later, all Amy's sisters came rushing in from school in a state of great excitement. At the post-office they had found a letter for Amy, and a big, flat, square package.

All the family gathered around while Amy read her letter. It was from Kittie Osborne, and this was what it said:

Dear Amy:

We five girls in Miss Marion's class have adopted your family to be friends with you, if you'll let us. We think it's lovely for your father to go away so far and work so hard just because he loves to preach about the gospel. Do you like playing paper dolls? I can make them better than anything else, and I thought I would send you some. Give my love to all your sisters and your mother and your father.

Affectionately yours,

Kittie Osborne.

Such gorgeous paper dolls none of the Humphrey children had ever seen. Such wonderful hats and jackets and dresses,—a whole wardrobe of them! And then there were sheets of tissue paper and strips of gold beading and paper lace besides, out of which new finery was to be fashioned. It would be impossible to say how much Amy enjoyed it all. The next day, when the sisters came back from school, she could hardly believe that the time had flown so fast.

Before a week had passed, another letter came,—for 'Miss Humphrey' this time. Susie Joyce had written it, and sent along in the same mail a delightful game. And so, as the months went by, the letters and parcels kept dropping in, sometimes for one of the girls, and sometimes for another, but oftenest for Amy. There was a Chinese lily for her, which, perhaps, gave her the most pleasure of all. And there were books, and now and then a hair-ribbon or a handkerchief, and finally a picture of Miss Marion and her whole class. Sometimes there were what Kittie called 'plain letters,' when there were no gifts on hand; and, as these were much longer than the 'gift letters,' and full of items about the school life and the home life of the writers, they were eagerly welcomed in the Humphrey household, where curiosity about the outside world was great.

For my part, I think that Miss Marion was right, and that it was 'a lovely society,' —don't you?

But let me tell you about the loveliest thing of all. One snowy, blustering March day, a tall gentleman, whose face was nearly hidden in a thick, high coat collar, knocked at the parsonage door.

'I am Dr. Osborne,' he said to Mrs. Humphrey. 'I have a letter of introduction here somewhere from my niece.'

He fumbled in his pockets, and handed out a note addressed in Kittie's familiar handwriting.

'This is my Uncle Tom,' it said. 'Please show him Amy's feet. He is the best doctor in the world.'

'Not very modest, perhaps, to show such a letter,' laughed Dr. Osborne. 'But you will know how to make allowances.'

But Mrs. Humphrey had turned white, and was holding to the door-post, quite forgetting to ask her visitor in. So he knocked the snow off his boots, and brushed it from his coat and hat, and turned down his collar, and by that time she remembered.

An hour later, when he got up to leave, Dr. Osborne said:

'I expect to spend the next two or three months about sixty miles from here. If you will allow it, I shall run down every now and then to see my patient. And,' he ended gently, laying his hand on Amy's brown head, 'when the summer time comes, I think that this little woman, please God, will be playing outdoors in the sunshine, with all the other young things.'

'Mother,' said Amy by and by, 'I'm so thankful I didn't wait till we were adopted to believe that God cared. I'd feel so sorry now if I hadn't trusted him first, before any of it happened.'—'Sunday School Times.'

'Love for Jim.'

(Ernest Gilmour.)

'There is an old, old saying, but it is as good as if it originated to-day: "Charity begins at home;" and I feel sure there is a false ring to all so-called charity that does not begin at home,' said Aunt Felicia, laying down her knitting a moment to look earnestly into her young niece's eyes. Florence Bidwell raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

'I do not understand what you mean, Aunt Felicia?'

'Well, I'll explain: I mean that seeing there is as large a field at home as you are able to cultivate at present, it would be advisable to begin your work right here.'

'But what more can I do than I am already doing?' wonderingly. 'Besides, all the other girls have joined the club and are going to work at the mission.'

'There are times when one cannot do as the other girls do,' smiling pleasantly. 'I found that out one day to my cost. Doubtless it is the duty of some of the girls to work at the mission—I am sure I do not know; but I am sure it is not yours.'

'What do you think is my duty?'

'To do your part toward making home the dearest place on earth.'

The color deepened on Florence's pretty face. In her own heart she felt that home had not been what it should have been since her mother had been laid aside with a wearisome illness. But it had not occurred to her that she was in any way to blame for this state of things. She could not help it that her mother was weak and sick, or that her father was irritable and fault-finding, because things were at 'sixes and sevens,' or that Norah, the maid-of-all-work, was a careless servant, or that Jim, her young brother seemed to care very little for his home.

'I wish you would let me help you, while I am here, to make your home the dearest place on earth,' continued the lady gently. She had come a long distance, this old aunt of Florence's father, to make a month's visit. Florence loved her dearly, and now, as the dear old eyes sought hers in loving entreaty, she arose and kissed her.

'I will let you help me, dear Aunt Felicia, so please tell me what to do.'

Presently the old lady and the young one were wandering over the house together—'gathering ammunition,' Aunt Felicia said.

Later they sat down for a talk.

'I know what you think, Aunt Felicia, and I can assure you that I agree with you; that this is the worst looking house you ever saw,' Florence said with a frown of discouragement.

'I have seen worse ones,' was the quiet answer, 'but we will, God helping us, make this one over, my dear,' smiling cheerfully.

'Norah is such a shirk, she doesn't half do her work since mamma cannot see to her,' said Florence.

'She needs looking after; but she seems pleasant and willing. Suppose we begin our reconstruction in Jim's room.'

'I don't see what we can do there, except to have Norah give it a good cleaning, which it surely needs.'

'It needs more than that; it needs the touches of a loving sister's hands. It has a pleasant outlook from that broad window. If it were fixed up and made pretty and inviting it would do Jim good.'

'There is no money for new things; since mamma has been sick our expenses have increased, and——'

'We do not need money to make Jim's room over; what we need to help us is love for Jim.'

Florence did not speak right away; but sat quite still, thinking. Presently there came a glow into her face.

'Oh, Aunt Felicia, I see at last what you mean,' she said eagerly. 'I know now that I have a mission right here—beginning in Jim's room.'

They took a journey to the attic, where they found plenty of material to begin their work. Among the things discovered there were two arm chairs and an old-fashioned lounge. Aunt Felicia saw possibilities of beauty and utility in each and all. Day by day the work went on quietly, until at last a day came when Florence overheard Jim and his friend, Dan Nestell, planning something that made her heart ache. She told Aunt Felicia, who comforted her by saying,

'Probably you can prevent Jim going out, my dear. Everything is ready for his room, and you can give him a surprise when he comes home from school.'

The color came back to Florence's cheeks. She had never loved Jim as well as she did now—since she was working for Jim. It was a busy afternoon. When Jim came in from school it was past four. He flung his books down and was about to go out, when his sister called to him. He felt disinclined to answer her, for he had made up his mind not to return at supper time—the intended 'lark' taking precedence of all things in his mind. He frowned as Florence touched his arm; but the frown passed away as he looked up and saw the radiant face regarding him lovingly.

'I found your striped cap this morning; it's up on your bureau,' she said.

'Oh, good for you!' he exclaimed, rushing upstairs two or three steps at a time to get his favorite cap, which he had been missing for several weeks.

He meant to grab his cap and rush downstairs again; but he forgot his errand the moment he crossed the threshold of his room. He stood still for a few minutes as if struck dumb with surprise and pleasure, then he advanced slowly and looked about him with glowing eyes. The room was as neat as hands could make it. Over the worn places of the carpet were some bright rugs, and at the broad window dainty muslin curtains, crisp and fresh, were tied back with ribbons of scarlet, the color that Jim liked best. Under the window there was a great, broad lounge, covered with scarlet material, and heaped with pillows covered with scarlet, blue and grey. Jim sat down on the lounge 'to see if it can be real,' he said to himself, and then suddenly something like a war whoop rang forth. Florence rushed upstairs, reaching Jim's room just as he landed on his feet after a somersault on the lounge.

'Dan Nestell is at the door, Jim,' she said, 'wouldn't you like to invite him to tea?'

Invite Dan Nestell to tea? Was the world coming to an end? Jim could not solve the problem.

And how Florence's face shone! How very sweet she looked! What did it all mean? Suddenly the boy grasped his sister's hands and held them close.

'Who fixed up my room so?' he demanded, his eyes taking in all the improvements: the newly-covered easy-chairs, the scrap-basket, with its bow of red ribbon, the pretty, round mirror with the stand under it covered with a scarlet cloth embroidered with daisies.

'Aunt Felicia and I,' was the answer. Jim's forehead, with the wavy dark hair tumbling over it, was very near his sister's face and presently a kiss fell upon the latter softly.

'What put it into your head to do so much for me?' the boy questioned wistfully, unbidden tears shining in his dark eyes. 'What made you make my room so-so-pretty and cosy?'

'I made it pretty because he wanted me to,' she said, smiling, 'and because I love you, Jim.'

His lips quivered, he understood what she meant by 'because he wanted me to,' and he felt the tenderness of 'because I love you, Jim.'

He threw his arms around his sister's neck and kissed her eagerly, and then, to hide his emotion, he rushed from the room and downstairs, to invite his friend to tea.

'Hot biscuit and honey, Dan,' he said, 'and fried chicken, too!'

His face was so radiant, that Dan's caught the glow.

'Come upstairs, Dan, I want to show you something.

The boys raced upstairs. Florence heard their merry laughter and chatter, and rejoiced.

The days passed on. One evening, a couple of weeks later, Jim accompanied Florence to the Christian Endeavor meeting. It was an eventful evening to the boy, for he came out bravely 'on the Lord's side.' And away up in heaven there was a song of rapture:

'Jim is saved!'

—'Young People's Paper.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Gracious Invitation.

My brother, stop and think—
The Saviour calls to-day—
Why do you tarry still?
'Tis madness to delay.

'Oh, come, come now!' He says,
'Here's pardon, peace and home;
Now is the accepted time—
Why farther will you roam?

'Has Satan bound thee fast
With cords thou canst not break?
Only believe in Me,
I all your sins will take.'

* * * * * * *

It was for you He cared,
He lives to make you free;
He suffered for your sake,
And died on Calvary.

M. LEILA AITKEN.

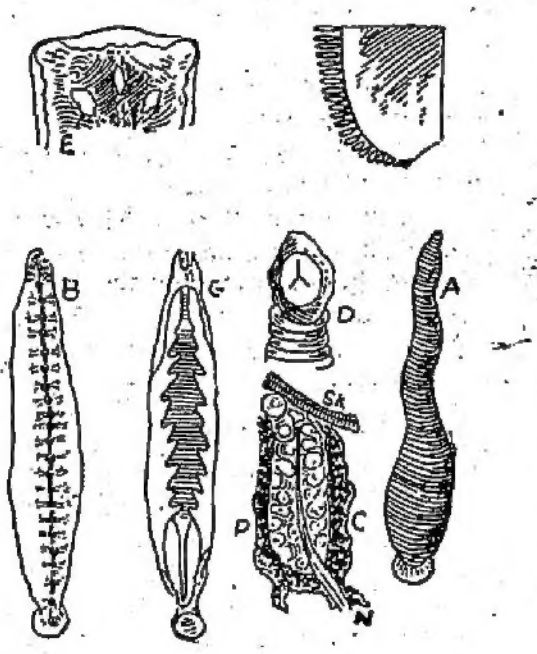
About Leeches.

A CHAT WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(The Rev. W. Williams, F.L.S., 'Spectator,' Australia.)

We are now among the worm-like animals. They are not what we understand real worms to be, but they are like worms in shape, and to some extent, in their motions. Leeches are not usually thought to be pleasant companions, and if you ever had them applied to any part of your body you were not inclined to make playthings of them. They are disliked for two reasons at least—they bite, and no one likes being bitten, and they suck blood, and no one likes bloodsuckers. There is no doubt that a number of them sucking blood at the same time could kill a man; he would simply bleed to death, but it would take a great many to do it. In a rough way, we may say that about one-ninth of the weight of our body may be taken as the weight of the blood we have, and as three-quarters of an ounce is a fair amount for a full-sized leech to draw, it would require a large number of them to drain the body of blood.

Probably many of you have seen leeches. They are of the shape seen below at a, sometimes long and thin, at other times short and thick, according to the will of the animal.



The body is a mass of rings, there being about one hundred in all, and under a magnifier they are clearly seen. There are circular muscles which run round the body as the rings do, and when these are contracted the leech becomes long and thin, and the head is advanced. There are other muscles which run lengthwise. When the animal slackens the circular muscles and shortens the longitudinal ones, the body contracts in length and becomes quite thick.

The leech has a strong sucker at each end of the body, by means of which it can hold tightly to any object. Of these the one at the hinder end of the body is the longer, and its looks as though a string were tied round just where it joins the body, or, to use the proper word, it is constricted. When a leech wishes to travel, he takes a firm hold with the hinder sucker and contracts the circular muscles of his body, which action lengthens it greatly, and so pushes the head forward. Then he fastens the head with the front sucker, lets go the hinder one, slackens the circular muscles to allow the body to swell out, and shortens the longitudinal muscles. These draw the body up shorter and thicker, till the two ends nearly or quite meet. Then he fastens the hind sucker again and pokes out the head for another new grip, and so on. Some caterpillars may be seen moving in the same way, and they are called 'geometers,' or 'earth measures,' because they measure out their full length at every movement. But the caterpillars hold on by legs and claspers—not by suckers.

A leech has ten eyes. If you look at b you may notice ten dots on the top of the head. These represent the eyes. It is not probable that he has very good sight, but the construction of the eye is curious. In c the eye is shown cut down from the top; sk is the transparent skin through which the light passes; below that is a mass of cells filling a sort of pouch or pocket; p is the colored paint, or pigment, as it is called, which is found in all eyes; and n is the optic nerve—that is, the nerve which carries the sensation of sight to the brain. It is a curious kind of structure to be in the head of a common leech.

We hear the phrase 'stick like a leech,' and yet many people who use such a phrase have no idea how a leech sticks. But it is easy to see that he holds on by his suckers. Here is a little experiment in physics you can all do: Take an egg cup, put a piece of paper in it, light the paper, and let it burn as long as it will take to count three rather slowly. Then open one hand as flat as you can, and put the egg cup, with the mouth downwards, upon the palm. If you do it properly you will immediately find that the cup will stick to your palm quite tightly, and there will be a drawing or sucking feeling in your hand, as though it were being drawn into the egg cup. That is just like the leech sticking to one's skin, only he does not use fire. He does it in another way, that I fear I could not very clearly explain here. But I may say that from the egg cup you drive out some of the air by heat; the leech drives it out of the sucker by the action of the muscles. The result is exactly the same—that is, sticking.

The leech not only sticks, he also bites and sucks blood. If you have ever seen the wound left by the bite of a leech you may have noticed that it showed three little cuts. Figure d is a view of the mouth of a leech with the sucker all round it. The mouth is shaped like a Y, or we may say it has three lips, and three openings between them. In e there is a view of the throat laid open, showing three teeth or cutting edges. These pass through the slits between the three lips, and make the wound.

But how do they bite? Well, they cut or scratch rather than bite. Look now at f. That is a larger view of one of those little cutting edges. You see that the rounded edge is crowned, with little teeth as thick as they can be set, longest at one end and smallest at the other. When the leech fixes the sucker at his head he draws up the skin and flesh into the sucker. That makes the skin tight. He then pushes the back of his mouth forward, and the cutting edges poke out through the little slits which make the mouth. He then presses them on the skin, and gives a kind of see-saw motion, and those tiny teeth saw through the skin and into the blood-vessels. The blood at once begins to flow, and as he keeps the sucker in action, the blood is drawn out of the veins into the mouth, and then swallowed. That is how a leech bites, and sucks blood.

But how is it that they can swallow so much? Look at g. That shows the body dissected so as to show the stomach. You will see that a part of it is shaded with cross-lines. That is the stomach, into which the blood passes. Nearly the whole of the body you see is taken up by the stomach, and it is very interesting to see it actually dissected, the whole being enclosed in a thin, transparent skin. Looking at that you can see why it is that a leech holds so much blood.

It is not necessary for their life that they should have this kind of food at all. They live well enough without it. But they will suck it greedily when they can get it, and if you put your hand into a jar of them you would find that they lose no time in fixing their suckers on you. A meal of this kind lasts them many months, and the blood keeps fluid all the time; it does not get thick, as might be supposed. The leech which I dissected before writing this paper had had a meal a long time ago. I knew that because I found a little blood at the lower end of the stomach. The leech, having filled himself, begins to digest first that which is at the end nearest his mouth, and gradually works down to the lower end, taking sometimes nine months and more to get through it. So when I found the blood at the lower end I knew that months ago it had been filled, and had digested all but a little at the bottom.

But it is not pleasant to talk to you about blood-sucking, and we will pass on. I think that about this stage of our talks we might begin to learn something about the nervous system. No doubt you know that in the skull we have a mass of grey matter which we call the brain. From the base of this brain the spinal cord runs down through the backbone, and all along it gives out masses of nerves, which at last pass into every part of the body. That is our nervous system, and very complex it is. The leech has no skull like ours, and not a proper brain, and the nervous system is different from ours. Figure b shows the system on which the nerves are arranged. Just below the eyes there is a lump of nervous matter gathered into a knot or swelling. This is in place of a true brain, and from it threads of nerves pass off to the eyes and mouth. Then you will see that all down the middle of the body there are similar lumps connected by two lines, and with other lines branching out from them. These lumps are called ganglia, which is a Greek word meaning 'knots.' I find that each knot is connected with the next knot by two threads of nerve. These threads are called commissures, from a Latin word which means 'I solder together.' If you take two pieces of string, lay them side by side, and then at regular intervals—say every two inches—you tie them together in a knot, you will have a sort of model of the main part of the nervous system of a leech—that is, the ganglia and commissures, or, as we may call them for simplicity's sake, knots and cords. You should think this out till you understand it, as it is a kind of nervous system which is very common among insects and other of the lower animals. From the knots the nerves branch out which govern all the motions and all the feeling of the leech. Very interesting it is to see them, but if you think of fine cords dividing into finer ones, and these separating into finer still, and so on, you will have a idea of the way these nerves branch. These ganglia, or knots, are something like little brains, as they store up nervous force.

Some people have said that God made the leech specially for the relief of men, women, and children, as they are able to draw the blood so well, and to hold so much of it; and yet they do not need it for food, they can live quite well without it. Whether this is so or not I will not presume to say, but certainly they have proved to be of very great value to us, and for anything that helps us we ought to give God thanks. From the drawings you will get a little idea how wonderfully God has made the leech. His works are so wonderful because he is so wonderful himself.

It costs everything to drink—money, business standing, manliness, integrity; in short, both property, character, life and soul.—'Arkansas Methodist.'

Idyls of Travel.

(Effie Kelly Price.)

Nearly all the world loves an athlete, especially when he is a college man, and plays football. So, although I had told my friends from the window that I had the parlor coach all to myself, and they had congratulated me on being so pleasantly ensconced, I was only slightly annoyed when at the next station a football eleven came trooping in. They were in field costume, these young Knights of the Pigskin. They were covered with mud, their hair hung wildly about their flushed faces, and some of them were limping. One fellow had his arm in a sling. Evidently they were straight from the game. Without ceremony, and without being at all abashed by the presence of a fellow traveller, they took possession of the coach. Lolling comfortably upon the roomy chairs, they discussed the merits of the game at the top of their voices. I could not be accused of eavesdropping; the precautions of Ulysses against the songs of the sirens would have been necessary, had I wished to shut out the animated conversation of these strong-lunged young gentlemen. So I listened with much interest. They had not won the game, it seemed. But its loss was not at all the fault of poor play on their part, as they demonstrated elaborately to one another. Then followed gay talk of the hospitality of their college hosts and hostesses, and much jolly chaffing. And then came the call, 'Twenty minutes for supper,' and out they went to the supper room in the station, giving a stentorian college yell as everybody good-naturedly made way for them.

Sitting in solitary state at the supper table, I watched them from afar as they stood at ease around the lunch counter. At the last moment they came on the train. 'I tell you what, fellows,' said a lad behind me, 'I haven't had enough. Two more sandwiches and an apple and another glass of milk, and I'd have been fixed.'

This was too much for me. Under my chair was a long luncheon box, concerning whose contents I felt very guilty. What would my hospitable aunt think if she knew that her carefully prepared luncheon was untouched, because her capricious niece happened to prefer, when the time came, a hot supper? With a feeling of real relief I turned abruptly to the lad who had spoken, and said hesitatingly: 'There's a box of luncheon under my chair.'

'Oh yes, madam,' he replied politely, and made a movement to get it for me.

'No, thank you,' I said. 'I didn't mean that. My luncheon hasn't been touched, and you're welcome to it, if you'll accept it. I had a hot supper at the station.'

He was so astonished that his thanks were somewhat incoherent. But he took the box; and while I tried to be absorbed in my book, I was conscious of a delighted group behind me.

'Where'd you get it?' said a voice in surprise.

I felt through the back of my chair a finger pointing significantly at me. A low whistle followed, and then a silence, which was broken by one youth saying solemnly: 'The only thing the matter with us is that people are too good to us.'

This mild exchange of courtesies would undoubtedly have ended here had not something occurred ten minutes later that broke conventionalities to bits, and made us all in a moment, Brothers of Pity. A large, elderly woman, who had come on at the last station, and who was sitting in the forward end of the coach, suddenly fell over heavily in a dead faint. The boys made a rush for her as she swayed towards the aisle, and had her in their strong arms before she reached the floor. Gently and carefully they carried her to the narrow couch at the end of the coach. One ran for a pillow, another brought my travelling rug, and a tall, fair-haired fellow whom they called 'Doc,' and who had an air of quiet authority, bent over the woman with his hand on her pulse.

'It's all right, madam. Doc is a medical student, and he'll know what to do,' said one of them to me, quietly.

The entire eleven were standing about with serious faces, towering above me in a grave semi-circle, as I knelt beside the couch. It was a long fifteen minutes before she came back to consciousness. Then, at a look from the young physician, the boys fell back.

'Don't be troubled,' he said cheerily to the sick woman. 'Our boys look rather rough in their football suits, but they are gentlemen, and they only want to help you. We'll take good care of you.'

Fortunately she was not very ill, and we found out that her destination, two hours distant, was the very town which was the seat of —— University. So she would have chivalrous care until she reached her home.

I was gaily installed as head nurse, and the boys were permitted by 'Doc' to come up in sympathetic groups, from time to time, and make warm-hearted inquiries. They all wanted to do something to help: and while our patient was resting, the head nurse was entertained by an account of the recent game.

'You see,' said the captain, 'our president wasn't going to allow us to play the —— team, and when I finally persuaded him to let us go we had to start off at two o'clock in the morning. The passengers on the sleeper were pretty mad when we gave our yell, but we felt so good we couldn't help it.'

The frank interest with which this was received led to an enthusiastic recital, in subdued tones, of the history of the team's play; and for two hours the head nurse listened to thrilling tales of stiff training, of remarkable 'runs' and 'tackles,' of 'moving accidents by flood and field.'

My last view of the team was from my window, as I sat alone in the coach once more.

Our patient was walking slowly along the station platform, leaning on the arm of the young medical student. The stalwart figure of the centre rush supported her on the other side, and behind her were the rest of the team, gallantly lifting their caps to me in farewell.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Two Jacks.

They were just beginning life in the same house of business, the great house of Graham & Co., of Coalville, in the north country. They were sons of two brothers named Field, who had for many years lived a long distance away from each other. Each Mr. Field had named his son Jack, not knowing that his brother had done the same, for 'Jack' had been the name of their own father. While they lived far away from each other, the name mattered little, but now they were living near together, it caused confusion, as no one knew which 'Jack Field' was meant, so it was arranged that the older boy should be called 'John' and his cousin 'Jack.' They were in different departments of the great iron house of business, but frequently met during the day, but had no opportunity to exchange a word, it being a strict rule with Graham that none of their clerks or warehousemen should speak to each other except actually on the business of the firm.

The two lads, therefore, were kept apart during business hours, but were for a long while always in each other's company of an evening. But after a time the elder—John—observed a good deal of difference in his cousin's ways. 'He keeps quite clear of me now,' he said to himself more than once. 'There's something wrong with him. I wonder what it is.' Having become very much attached to his young cousin, it was not long before the elder lad, by means of a few careful enquiries, and by means, too, of closely noticing his cousin's companions and ways, found it was the old story of the downfall of many a youth, drink, debt, gambling. He tried by every means in his power to persuade Jack to give up his evil companions, but in vain. Somehow they had got a strong hold upon him, and he met his cousin's persuasions by angry speeches. 'There's more behind this,' said the elder lad to himself, 'suppose'—and he stopped, half afraid to put his own thought into words—'Suppose the accounts were wrong! Suppose Jack has taken the money of the firm!' He started from his seat as the thought came to him; 'I wish he'd come in,' he said, 'I'd speak to him now,' and he looked round the room in which he had been sitting alone reading, as if he expected his cousin to appear. But the younger Jack was far away seeking by mad gambling to make up his losses, and seeking in vain. The elder lad, resolving to wait up and speak to him that very night—for he was just then staying at his cousin's house—settled back to his book. There came a knock at the street door, and Jack knowing the servants were upstairs, went himself.

A policeman stood there. 'Is this Mr. Field's?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Jack. 'What is it?' The policeman stepped inside.

'You are Jack Field!' he said.

'Yes, that's my name.'

'Then I arrest you,' said the officer, touching his shoulder, 'on a charge of being concerned in a robbery at Messrs. Graham's.'

It all flashed on Jack in a moment.

The policeman new to the neighborhood, mistook him, the elder Jack, for the real culprit, their names being the same. His mind was made up. 'I'm ready' he said quietly, 'but we may as well go in a cab, and I should like to take one of two things from my room. You can come up.' But the policeman halted at the landing, a little surprised at the coolness of so young an offender. Jack darted not into his own room, but into his cousin's, and scrawled on a loose envelope on the dressing table the words, 'You will hear what has happened. Tell your father all, it's your only chance.' Then catching up a handkerchief and gloves as an excuse, he rejoined the officer, and spent the rest of the evening at the station house. When late that night the real culprit came slinking home, his pockets empty, his head burning, his mind distressed, he was confronted by his father and uncle. The servants had told them what had happened, and the slip of paper on the dressing table had explained the rest. 'Tell us all,' said the father sternly. And having still some sense left, the lad told all, hiding nothing.

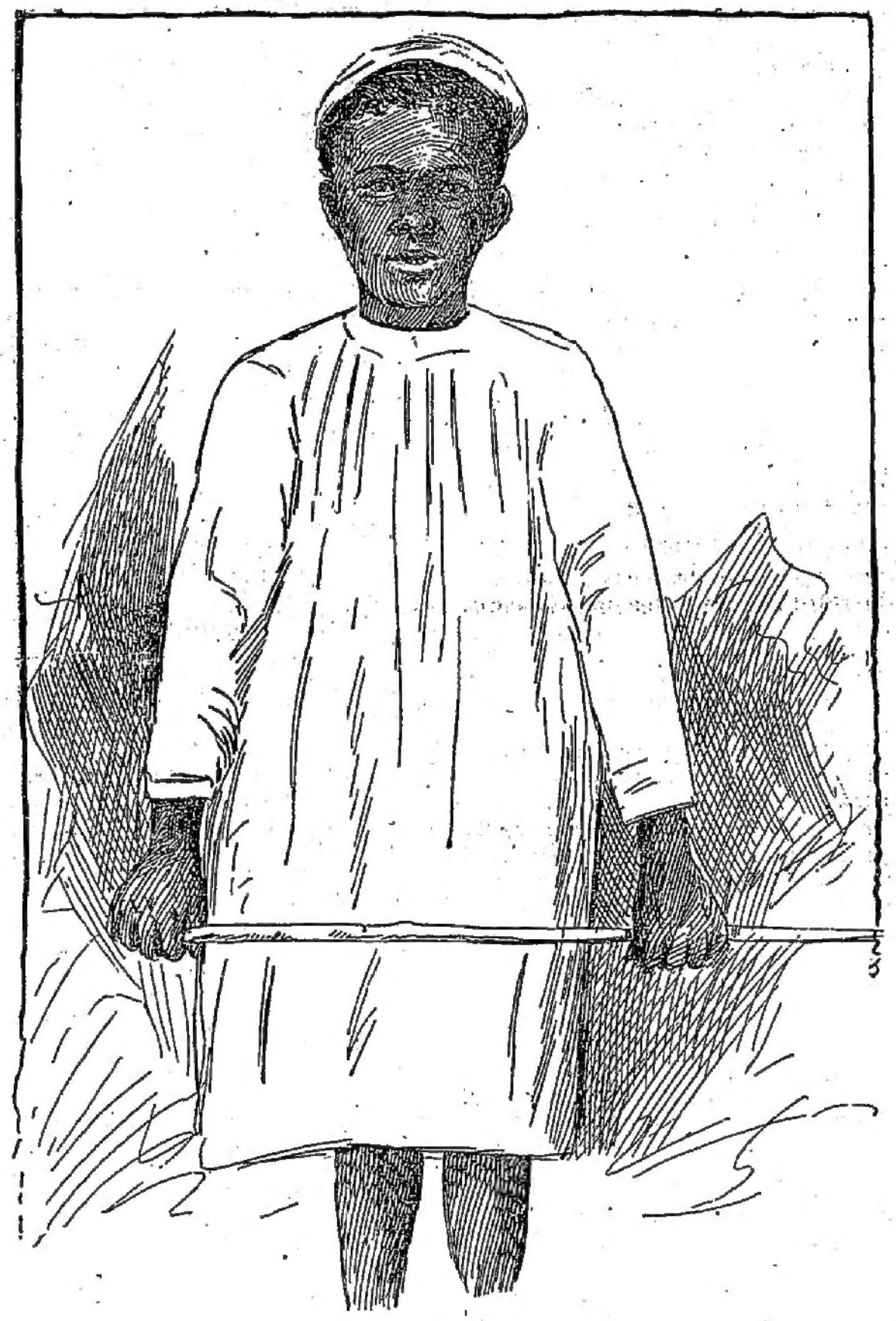
'You may thank your cousin's shrewdness, and his kindness too,' said Mr. Field when the sad tale was told, 'for your escape this time. He knew his own accounts were quite right, and he knew also through my influence with Mr. Graham that your offence would be more likely to be passed over if the firm arrested him by mistake in the first place, than if they had secured the real offender, yourself. Your father will repay the money took, and so the matter will end. Let it warn you, Jack, through all your future life to avoid the evil habits and companions that have brought this shame upon you now.'—R. Stansby Williams.

LITTLE FOLKS

Mamo, the Little Preacher.

(Rev. J. Hal Smith.)

I want to tell you to-day the history of the little boy whose picture you see before you. In November, 1894, Mr. David Miller, one of our beloved missionaries in the Soudan, was taken with smallpox, and after eleven days of suffering died. Very soon after this the Lord sent me little 'Mamo.' He was a comical-looking little fellow as he appeared at Makomp. He had been at Ro Bethel for a few weeks waiting for the boat to go up the river; he was only about six years old and too young to walk such a long distance. He had procured from some of the children while at Ro Bethel a pair of trousers, one leg gone and the other dragging on the ground, and he also had a man's undershirt on, one sleeve hanging down over his hand, the other rolled up as far as it would go. He came walking in as proud as a king, and announced that he had 'come to stay.' He has always been a bright, happy boy, and a great favorite among his playmates.



MAMO.

At first he was inclined to steal and lie; most of the native boys and girls are taught to do this. It took some time to teach him it was wrong. He was so very bright, loving and willing to do anything that my heart went out to him at once, and I gave him the name of my dear brother, 'David Miller.' When he had been with me about one year, he gave his heart to Jesus, and has been an exceedingly good boy ever since.

He learns very readily; he can read and spell quite well, and write a little. A year ago last Christmas all the children fasted with us. At noon, instead of sitting down and eating turkey and cranberry sauce and all the other good things you boys and girls like so well, he came to me and asked if he might go to the village and preach. I gave my consent. He took his Testament, and asked one of the other boys to go with him. They went to the village, called the people together and read to them out of the Book, and then told them the things which we had taught him. Don't you think he must be a brave little fellow? Think how you would like to go out on the street corner, stop the people and preach to them Christ, the only One who can and does save from sin! Have you ever preached to people on the street as little seven-and-one-half-year-old Mamo did?

Now, children, this is what your pennies will do—pick up some poor little waif, bring him into a Christian home, educate him, and when saved here is a herald of the Gospel ready to preach Christ and him crucified, risen, and soon coming back to call all those who love him to himself, the lost ones right there in dark Africa. It is better than candy, marbles, balls, tops or dolls, is it not?

Roy's Visit at Camp.

(Julia Darrow Cowles in 'Youth's Companion.')

Early in the morning John hitched Lady Jane to the single buggy, and mamma and Roy started for the state fair grounds, where the soldiers were in camp.

Roy's Uncle Fred was a lieutenant in Company A, and so of course Roy expected to have a grand time when he reached the camp.

It was a long, warm ride, and although Roy tried to count all the colts and calves by the way he grew pretty tired and sleepy. Presently mamma said, 'Look there,' and Roy looked and discoverd whole rows of shining white tents, and then he jumped up and down in the buggy, and you wouldn't have thought that he ever dreamed of being sleepy.

Uncle Fred was looking for them, and he helped mamma and Roy from the buggy and then led the way to his tent. Roy noticed that every soldier they met touched his cap to Uncle Fred, and be began to feel

very important indeed, because he was Uncle Fred's nephew.

They found pleasant places to sit down in the shade, and then they listened to the concert by the regimental band, which was given every morning. Roy enjoyed the music and admired the uniforms, and between selections plied Uncle Fred with questions. He asked about the medal which Uncle Fred wore, about the letters on the collar of his blouse, and why he had white stripes up the sides of his trousers. Uncle Fred answered all the questions, and Roy began to feel quite wise, and to think wth delight of the amount of information he would be able to give the 'other boys' the next day.

After the concert was ended, mamma and Roy stayed in the tent while Uncle Fred took his company out for skirmish drill. It was great fun to watch them. They all moved exactly together, and then at a word from Uncle Fred they all began to run, and then threw themselves flat upon the ground. Their rifles were pointed straight at Roy and mamma, and he began to feel a trifle anxious about mamma, when up they jumped again and wheeled about in the most wonderful way, keeping in a straight line all the time.

When the drill was over, Uncle Fred came back to the tent, and Roy had more questions to ask him than ever. By the time Uncle Fred had rested, Roy knew all the commands for skirmish drill by heart, and was going back and forth the length of the tent saying, 'Hip, hip, hip,' as he went.

Pretty soon his attention was attracted from his marching by the sight of a gentleman with a camera. He said that he wanted to take the picture of Company A's mascot. Roy did not know what that was, but he soon found out for Uncle Fred went to the captain's tent and led out one of the biggest dogs that he had ever seen. His name was Bruno and Roy found that he was to go with the regiment wherever it was sent, and that the soldiers called him their mascot in order that he should bring them success in their battles. Roy didn't quite see how Bruno was to do it, and probably the soldiers didn't either, but that fact did not interfere with Roy's admiration for the big fellow.

'Come, Roy,' said Uncle Fred, 'and hold Bruno's chain while he has his picture taken.' And then Uncle Fred introduced Roy to the gentleman with the camera, and it seemed that he was taking the picture for one of the newspapers the next morning. So Roy took hold of Bruno's chain, and they both held quite still in front of the tent until the gentleman said, 'That is all.' Roy doesn't understand yet how the gentleman could get his picture in the paper without doing any more than that, but he certainly did, for Roy saw it.

Pretty soon after that the bugle sounded, and Uncle Fred said, 'Now watch, the men are going to have their dinner.' So Roy watched, you may be sure. There were no tables in sight, and he wondered where they were going to eat, but he soon found out.

When the bugle blew again the men filed out of their tents, each one with a bright tin plate and cup in his hand, and marched down to where a man stood beside a big pail which hung over a fire of sticks. There were other pails there, too, resting on what looked like a big iron gridiron, which set over the fire. As the men marched past, this man dished some potatoes on to each plate, another helped put some mutton stew upon the same plate, and the third poured coffee into the cups. Then each soldier helped himself to sugar and salt, took two large slices of bread, and passed on.

Roy watched to see where they were to eat, and what did they do but drop down upon the grass, picnic fashion, and set their dishes upon the ground. Roy noticed that there was no butter for the bread, or cream for the coffee, but the men seemed hungry, and ate regardless of such trifles.

Roy had grown tremendously hungry himself by this time, and he began to wonder if they were to eat in the same fashion.

'Won't you mess with us?' one of the soldiers asked, politely, as Roy stood looking at the immense picnic. 'We haven't any ice cream or Worcester sauce to offer you,' he added, laughing at his own joke, 'but you're too good a soldier to mind that.'

Roy straightened up a little, laughed and shook his head.

Then Uncle Fred took them off to dinner, and Roy was glad that he did not decide to 'mess' with the men. He was also glad that his Uncle Fred was an officer instead of a private, and he determined that when he grew up and went to war he would be an officer, too.

The afternoon was spent in watching more drills, hearing more music, and asking more questions, and then came the long ride home.

He was pretty tired when he went to bed, and after he got to sleep he dreamed that he was in a battle and shot Bruno, and that all the soldiers started to chase him off the battle-field because he had shot their mascot. He began to run, and then fell, bump, and woke up to find himself on the floor, with mamma standing beside him and asking him what could be the matter.

He told her he had just shot Bruno, and that the soldiers were chasing him, and by the time mamma had stopped laughing, he was wide enough awake to climb back into bed, where he stayed the remainder of the night.

But the next day he wouldn't have taken anything for his experience in camp, and he was the hero of all the other boys of the neighborhood when he gave them the orders of the skirmish drill.

A True Story.

(By Alice May Douglas.)

Once, in a dark, ungodly home,
There lived a little Christian child.
She heeded Jesus' voice within,
Was ever dutiful and mild.
This little girl prayed every night,
For God to save her parents dear,
And as her mother passed her room,
These pleading tones she chanced to hear:
'Father in heaven who filled my heart,
With peace and joy, this joy impart.
To my dear parents. Save, I pray,
Pardon and wash their sins away,'

The mother's heart was deeply moved:
Then flushed her cheeks with honest shame,
That she had taught her child to pray,
Yet never called on Jesus' name.
She sought her husband, whisp'ring low,
'Oh, come, hear Mary pray for you.'
Both parents waited at the door
Till little Mary's prayer was through
God, who had heard the sweet child pray,
Answered her prayer, and one glad day,
Both parents gave their hearts to God,
Rejoicing in his love so broad.

—'Mayflower.'

LESSON VIII.—AUG. 20.

The River of Salvation.

Ezekiel xlvii., 1-12. Memory verse, 12.

Golden Text.

'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'—Rev. xxii., 17.

Home Readings.

M. Ezek. xlvii., 1-12. The River of Salvation.
T. Isa. xxxv. Streams in the desert.
W. II. Kings iii., 9-20. A miraculous supply.
T. Zech. xiv., 4-11. Living waters.
F. Psalm lxv. The river of God.
S. Rev. xxi., 1-7. A free gift.
S. Rev. xxii., 1-7. Water of Life.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar.

School.—2. Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward, and led me about the way without unto the utter gate by the way that looketh eastward; and, behold, there ran out waters on the right side.

3. And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ancles.

4. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were to the loins.

5. Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over.

6. And he said unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen this? Then he brought me, and caused me to return to the brink of the river.

7. Now when I had returned, behold, at the bank of the river were very many trees on the one side and on the other.

8. Then said he unto me, These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed.

9. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh.

10. And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-ge'di even unto En-eg'la-im; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many.

11. But the miry places thereof and the marishes thereof shall not be healed.; they shall be given to salt.

12. And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.

Suggestions.

Ezekiel was shown a vision of the water of life. This vision of the temple and the river which flowed from it was a symbol of the restoration and salvation, first of the Jews to their own country by the power of God, and to the favor of God, then to the whole family of God who are now scattered throughout the world made one in Christ Jesus. The beginning of the stream was small and narrow, but as it flowed out it broadened and deepened until it became a great river. So when exiled Israel at last returned to their own country, it would be as a small remnant, but by the grace of God they would grow and increase and prosper until they became again a free and mighty nation.

So was the beginning of Christianity. The lowly Nazarene had but a handful of followers, the term 'Christian' was at first applied in derision and scorn. But now the river of salvation has grown so deep and broad that it flows through all the world, bearing to the uttermost parts the glad news of the Father's love shown out in the Saviour of mankind.

The river was for the cleansing and healing of all with which it should come in contact. The figure of clear water is used much as a symbol of cleansing, but no water could wash a guilty soul from its defilements. The heart washed in the blood of Jesus is made whiter than snow.

The river ran out through the desert and down into the Dead Sea, transforming and healing as it went. Where there had been a dry desert, a wide river now flowed with evergreen and fruit trees on each side of its fertile banks. So the river of life flowing from the mercy-seat of God comes down into the barren places of our lives and makes them to blossom and bring forth fruits of righteousness and peace. The river was a symbol of the deepening, broadening, and transforming power of the gospel.

The Bible Class.

'The River of God.'—Psa. xlvi., 4; i., 3; lxv., 9; lxxii., 8; lxxx., 11; lxxxix., 25, 26; Isa. xli., 17, 18; xxv., 6, 7; xliv., 3, 4; lxvi., 12; John vii., 37-39; I. Cor. x., 4; Rev. xxii., 1, 2.

'The Tree of Life.'—Gen. ii., 9; iii., 24; Rev. i. ,7; xxii., 2, 14.

C. E Topic.

Aug. 20.—The leaven and the meal. Matt. xiii., 33; Dan. ii., 31-35, 45. (A missionary meeting.)

Junior C. E.

Aug. 20.—What encouragement may we get from the story of Zaccheus? Luke xix., 1-10.

Sand Map.

Children are delighted to have lessons illustrated and geography taught by means of the sandboard map. Many appropriate toys can be found at variety stores; others can be made to take the place of pictures or symbols used on a card or cloth map. Directions for making a sand board are given as follows by Miss J. A. Dimock: A convenient size for the board is four feet six inches in length and two feet six inches in width, with a raised edge of about one inch. It may be made with very little trouble at home, or at a trifling cost by a carpenter. Paint the surface a bright blue to represent the waters of the Mediterranean; and form the map with very damp sand. The best sand is that obtained at an iron foundry, and should be new; about fifty pounds will be the quantity required. This, when molded by the hand and a small trowel into mountains and valleys, table lands, water courses, and deserts, will keep its place, even after the board is tipped at a considerable angle, so that every child in the room may see it. Make openings in the sand, showing the blue 'water' beneath, for the rivers and small seas, or use small mirrors and strips of silver paper or tin. The divisions of Palestine may be marked by cardboard fences, and the roads by white cord. A few supplemental lessons on the mountains, bodies of water, the formation of the seacoast, and the divisions of the country will familiarize the class with its physical features and pave the way for their further enjoyment of the regular lessons. If after school the sand is returned to its own box and about one quart of water poured over it, it will be in good condition for next Sunday's use.—Michigan 'Advocate.'

The prime object of the Sunday-school is the conversion of the children. And any school that aims lower than that is not fulfilling its mission, and in a school where there are no conversions, there is certainly room for serious investigation and hearty confession to God, and a change of operations and a more definite working towards this end. Every Sunday-school must assume a tremendous responsibility in this respect. It is far more important that the children that are in the school are led to Christ than that your school outrival a neighboring school in numbers, machinery and popularity.—Rev. W. H. Bucks.

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XI.—GENERAL EFFECTS ON THE SYSTEM.

1. Q.—What is the natural effect of tobacco on the system?

A.—It is narcotic and emetic.

2. Q.—What is an emetic?

A.—Anything which causes a person to vomit after taking it.

3. Q.—What is a narcotic?

A.—Any drug, which, taken in small doses, stupefies the nerves, and causes sleepiness; and in larger quantities, produces convulsions, stupor, and death.

4. Q.—Does the use of tobacco ever cause death immediately?

A.—Sometimes, but it usually poisons the system slowly.

5. Q.—But does a little do any harm?

A.—Yes. Any poison must do more or less injury, in proportion to the quantity taken.

6. Q.—Has it hereditary effects?

A.—There is no vice where the sin of the father is more strikingly visited upon the children than in the use of tobacco.

A vigorous man may use it all his life, but his children often enter life enfeebled, and predisposed to disease.

7. Q.—How is it that there are some who are not made sick by the use of tobacco?

A.—Some people have inherited a taste for it, and are not so easily affected by the poison.

8. Q.—How can a man form a habit of using tobacco if it be so deadly a poison?

A.—If taken in small doses at the beginning, the system grows to tolerate many kinds of poison.

9. Q.—What law applies to the use of tobacco, alcohol, opium, and other narcotics and stimulants?

A.—If the sudden discontinuance of the habit produces discomfort or disease, that discomfort or disease shows the amount of injury which has been done.

10. Q.—What injury is done to the system by using tobacco in any way?

A.—It poisons the stomach, affecting digestion, and often producing dyspepsia; and it renders the whole system liable to disease.

No one can use it, day by day, for any length of time, without experiencing its poisonous and baneful influences.

'The way of transgressors is hard.'—Prov. xiii., 15.

11. Q.—How does the habit of using tobacco increase the dangers of typhoid fever?

A.—In typhoid fever, there are ulcerations in the bowels, which cause death by eating through the coats of the intestines. Using tobacco promotes this perforation, and increases the chances of death.

13. Q.—How do learned and sensible physicians regard tobacco?

A.—In all forms, they regard it as too dangerous for common use even as a medicine; and they use it only in lock-jaw and other extreme disorders.

12. Q.—What effect has tobacco upon vitality?

A.—When Europeans first visited New Zealand, they found, in the native Maoris, the most finely developed and powerful men of any of the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific.

Since the introduction of tobacco, for which the Maoris developed a passionate liking, they have, from this cause alone, it is said, become less in number; and at the same time, reduced in stature, and in physical well-being; so as to be an all together inferior type of men.—'Medical Journal.'

Dangerous Drugs.

(E. O. Crossman, M.D.)

Alcohol as a beverage is a menace to society, but it is not the only intoxicant or the one most disastrous to mankind. Some are more concealed in their use, and their victims do not present the outward manifestations characteristic of the drinker of alcoholic stimulants. They are certain to destroy soul, mind and body, and yet these in-

toxicants have and are receiving very little attention at the hand of organized temperance. To this position of importance we can assign the various preparations of opium, which include morphine, paregoric and nearly if not all the remedies that are on the market for the control of pain. In this class we would also place cocaine, which renders attractive the 'catarrh snuff' which is sold in every town. Another intoxicant is chloral. Still another—chloroform, and in this same connection we should consider tobacco, although it is much milder than the others named.

Of the opium group morphine is the most used as it is the most active in its effect. Victims of this drug habit may be found in every neighborhood. It is usually formed by the administration of the drug by physicians for some painful malady. As an intoxicant it produces anxiety, hallucinations of vision and deadening of all sensation. The whole nature undergoes a moral revolution; truth, right and honor lose their meaning. To prevent this habit one prominent writer suggests: 'If on the one hand physicians would always insist on themselves making hypodermic injections of morphine for their patients, never intrusting their syringe and morphine to anyone; and if, on the other hand, pharmacists would never fill a prescription for morphine except for the exact number of times indicated on the blank, and once only when there is nothing stated to the contrary, I am convinced that this very simple rule would virtually put an end to morphinism without depriving therapeutics of a precious remedy, because of the abuse that has been made of it.'

There should also be a common law compelling all proprietors of patent medicines to print the formula on the bottle, or file the prescription at the capital of each state for inspection, that people may not unconsciously become the victims of drug habits. The cocaine habit is often acquired from nose specialists using the drug, or by using a catarrh remedy containing it. One of its marked symptoms is emaciation. The intoxication is accompanied frequently by fainting fits; sometimes delusions of persecution which renders those under its influence dangerous to a community, and hallucinations of vision and hearing with general mental wakefulness. There is frequently great prolixity in conversation and correspondence.

Chloral produces feeble mindedness; the habit is easily established and manifests itself in great depression of the bodily functions.

Tobacco contains nicotine and pyridine. Nicotine causes in small warm blooded animals, in small doses, death in a few minutes, usually preceded by convulsions. Pyridine causes excitement of the medulla oblongata with rapid paralysis. Europeans learned the use of tobacco from the North American Indians. About the middle of the 17th century its use became general and many rulers attempted to prohibit it. James the First wrote a book against it.

Chloroform by inhalation produces a similar intoxication to alcohol. It is frequently taken by neurotic persons.

History shows that the height of civilization is often followed by decline and complete downfall; consequently we should profit by its teachings and look with alarm upon any influence which has a disastrous effect upon humanity.

We all agree that a quarantine law to prevent the spread of contagious disease among those who may be susceptible to its contagion, is a wise procedure. Why, then, should we hesitate to enact legislation that will control absolutely the manufacture and sale of intoxicants that can influence generations? Why should we not strive to enlighten each other? Why should not every community be fully informed regarding the physiological effects of intoxicants and the laws of heredity? Why should we not arise as one man and fulfil the requirements of God that our civilization shall not perish from the earth?—'Presbyterian Banner.'

An Indiana grocer prints the following in a circular (of course in sarcasm), addressed to his patrons: 'Notice is hereby given that if you will come to my store three times a day during the next year, and purchase a drink of whisky each time, paying 10 cents a drink, at the end of the year I will donate five barrels of my best flour, 100 pounds of fine granulated sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 10 pounds of coffee, 10 gallons of syrup, 50 yards of calico, three pairs of shoes, one $10.50 cloak for your wife; and then I will have $10 left to pay for the liquor you drank.'

Correspondence

Aberdeen.

Dear Editor,—The 'Weekly Witness' and the 'Messenger' have been welcome guests to our home for many years. When the mail comes from the post-office I always ask for the 'Messenger.' The stories it contains are not only interesting, but they are also beneficial to those who read them.

We go to Sunday-school every Sunday and to church afterwards. The church is three miles from our place. I live on a farm twenty miles south of Owen Sound. We have four horses, six cows; we also keep sheep, pigs and hens. We have a red dog called Nero; when he sees me putting in the chickens he puts one in his mouth and carries it into the barn and then lets it go, but he never hurts them. I never saw any letters from this part, so I thought I would write one. ELLEN.

Deloraine, Man.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country on a farm. My sister sends the 'Messenger' to me; I like the stories in your paper. I am fond of reading. We live a mile and a-half from White Water Lake, but Muddy Water Lake would have been a more suitable name. My father shoots over a hundred geese about every fall. He shot forty-three one day.

I have two sisters and one brother. I go to school every day. I am in the fourth class. I would like to know if there is anyone who writes to the Messenger and is the same age as I am. I was ten Feb. 25. We have 2 cows, 7 horses and 13 pigs. We have Sunday-school in the summer, but not in the winter. I have two and a-half miles to walk to school. We do not have school in winter. I have a sister in Ontario. She is the oldest of the family. I am the second oldest. My teacher's name is Miss M. E. Manson. She is very nice. ANNIE C. K.

Rosevale.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two pet cats; I call them Nigger and Tabby. My papa has eighteen head of cattle and two horses named Jen and Nell, and 21 sheep. We had ten little pigs and sold them all but two. I have one sister and three brothers. I will be nine years old on July 29. School ended recently. I was very sorry to see the teacher leave. THAD. S.

Britainville, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am one of the many readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. We have taken the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school for some time, and, as I have seen, only one letter from Manitoulin Island, and as that one was not from Britainville, I decided to write to you.

It is very nice here in the spring and summer, as the wild flowers are very pretty and plentiful. We find among the wild flowers the rose, trailing arbutus, the white and the tiger lily and sweet little violets and mayflowers.

I hope 'Elsie P.,' of Manisfield, will write again, as her letters are very interesting. I should be much pleased to correspond with her if she will send her address and write first. I, too, am collecting stamps for missions, but have only about three hundred yet. I value the 'Messenger' for its Correspondence, its Sunday-school helps, and its stories, which each have a moral.

OLIVE S. (aged 13).

Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I think it is a very nice paper. I have only seen one letter from the Sault yet. This is a very pretty place in summer. There is a pulp mill here, also a saw mill, a canal, a post-office, three schools, five churches, two banks and a court house.

There is a park about six miles from here called Algoma Park. We go there nearly every summer for picnics. We are having holidays now. My birthday is on July 17. I will be eleven years old. My pets are a cat and three little kittens. We have fifteen chickens and two ducks. I have four brothers and five sisters. This is my first letter, and it will not be very long. I hope to see it in print in the next paper.

CLARA M. W.

Hartshorn, Minn.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I love to read the correspondence. I have two sisters and one brother. We have sixteen little chickens. We live three-quarters of a mile from the school-house.

MYRTLE W. (aged 10).

Baltic, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My mamma and papa read from the 'Messenger' for me letters that little girls and boys write. I think I will write one too, as I have never written one before. We take the 'Messenger;' it comes in my little brother's name; he is four years old. I have one little sister, nineteen months old; we call her May. My little brother's name is Ansel. I have a dog, her name is Dandy, and I yoke her in my little cart and she runs quite fast and I sit in the cart.

FRANK B. (aged 7).

St. David.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, seven years old. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday, and we get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read the letters very much. I have three brothers and three sisters. I have a pet kitten and it likes to play with me. Our school closed on Friday, and we have seven weeks' holidays. HAZEL L. M.

Upper P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the correspondence, and like it very well. I have two brothers and two sisters; we are having vacation now. We live two miles from the village, and eight miles from the pretty town of Dunnville. My father is a farmer; our home is on a hill sloping down to Grand River.

I live a quarter of a mile from the school-house. I am in the third class. I attend the Baptist church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Robinson. I got thirty-nine verses learnt, and got a card the first quarter. At Christmas the one who gets the most verses learnt will get a prize. I will have to close.

GERTRUDE (aged 8).

Brookholm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of eight years. I love to read the 'Messenger' very much, and especially the correspondence. We live about two and a-half miles from Owen Sound. We have three cows and a horse, two pigs, and a dog, whose name is Buff. I drive home the cows night and morning to be milked. I have a little garden all my own, and I try to make it look nice. My mamma died four years ago, but I have got another papa and mamma. I love them real well. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and get beautiful picture cards. My little sister of seven years goes with me; her name is Agnes. We also go to the day school, and can read and write. I have another little brother and sister about half-a-mile from here. HUGHIE.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother. I had another little sister; her name was Helen, but she died last February. I go to kindergarten. I am in the first reader, and I am head of my class. We are having our holidays now. I go to Sunday-school; I got a prize last year. My teacher's name is Miss Miller. I go to mission band, too. We had a sale, and my sister had a table at it. We spent Dominion Day at Victoria Park with father, who is there in camp with the soldiers. I love the 'Messenger' very much. Good-bye, dear Editor, from

MABEL E. L. (aged 7).

South Port, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have three hens, twenty-one chickens, and three pet ducks, a dog named Ginger, and two calves. The calves drink milk fine. Papa made a lawn swing, and my sister and I have a great time swinging in it. Mamma takes the 'Messenger;' we all like it well.

MAUD (aged 11).

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl and live in Brantford. I am seven years old. I have a pet cat, Max, nine years old; I am very fond of him. My papa works in the carriage works. I am visiting my grandma and grandpa in Hartford. My uncle and auntie live next door; they are going to bring me two little kittens. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have three dolls; Pearl is three years old, Minyon is two, Mildred is one year old; they are good dolls, for they never cry. We have nice times in Brantford; we go to Mohawk Park to picnics. I go to school every day.

FLOSS M. W.

HOUSEHOLD.

An Important Point.

Health, grace, and beauty all depend upon the carriage of the body. One of the well-known signs of weak lungs is the rounding of the shoulders and the narrowing of the chest. And the two evils act and react. The narrow chest restricts the action of the lungs—the weakness of the lungs produces the tendency to stoop. It is impossible to believe that any one in the full flush of physical health and strength can have a curved spine. An erect figure is an essential to *perfect health and to symmetry of form.*

A woman of fifty, with the step and bearing of a queen, told me that, as a child, she had shown a decided tendency to stoop. At fifteen the tendency had become habit—she was growing round-shouldered, and had, moreover, a wretched trick of carrying her head forward, somewhat,' she said, laughingly, 'after the manner of a turkey-hen.' Her mother and her governess talked and pleaded in vain. She honestly thought she tried to conquer the evil. At last her father took matters into his hands.

'I will teach her to carry her shoulders back and head up,' he declared, 'if I may be allowed to do it in my own way.'

The mother agreed to the proposition, and that same day the father met his daughter at a stated time on the front veranda, whence ran a smooth, level path to the garden gate. In each hand he carried a two-quart pail-full of water; under one arm was a small book. The book was placed upon the girl's head, a pail of water in each of her hands, and she was ordered to walk down to the garden gate and back without spilling the water or letting the book fall. At first it was a difficult task, but each time the book fell the penalty was another walk to the gate and back, and this fact increased the aptitude with which the new and severe lesson was learned. Four times a day for the next six months the father met his daughter at this place and superintended what he called her 'promenade.' Each 'promenade' was to last for a half-hour, with necessary short intervals for rest. In stormy weather the exercise was taken on the long veranda. It was a severe regime, but it resulted in a queenly carriage.

To be erect it is not necessary to sway so far back as to be awkward. 'Head up, shoulders back and down, chest out, stomach in,' may have a vulgar sound, but it is a rule for walking and standing that cannot be improved upon. The arms should be so relaxed as to fall in natural and graceful positions. Some girls and women fall into the custom of standing on one hip. This is such a common habit that dressmakers complain that many women's hips are of unequal height. In standing, the weight should be equally distributed on both feet, the toes of which are turned well out.

It is the duty of every mother to begin training her daughters from their early childhood to carry themselves properly. Then it will be as impossible for them to grow into awkward, ungainly women as it would be for them to change the height of their bodies or the color of their eyes.—Virginia Van De Water, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Crutches.

'Take this little white powder; it will give you a night's delightful sleep,' says some persuasive friend, and you look hesitatingly and longingly at the folded paper which encloses *such longed-for possibilities.* It is so hard to lie awake night after night, hearing the clocks strike one, two, three, four, knowing full well that you will be desperately sleepy when the rising bell shall send its tocsin pealing through the house, and realizing, too, that the next day's duties will confront you as an armed battalion, when you will have neither courage nor strength to face them.

But it is a mistake, believe me, to take the sleeping powder, unless, indeed, your physician absolutely orders it. The narcotic, however innocent, the sedative, however subtile, is in its way a crutch, and the use of a crutch is always the acknowledgment of infirmity. Futhermore, a crutch is liable to snap, or to slip, or to prove treacherous, or to lose itself or lost when most needed, and only a cripple, never a strong man, carries one.

In this whole matter of insomnia the wiser way is to fight the wakeful fiend by lying calmly still, with eyes shut and hands and feet stirless, if you can. To be genuinely tired by exercise in the open air, to detract the blood from the too active brain by a light repast before going to bed, and, above all, not to fret and worry, are better remedies than the whole range of the apothecary's shop affords.

In a beautiful volume printed for the entertainment of a family I lately came upon a pleasant bit of description, referring to an old gentlewoman past eighty, who, as the old *often do,* lay awake at twelve o'clock. A granddaughter in an adjacent chamber heard her crooning something softly to herself, and asked if anything were amiss. 'Oh, no,' was the quick and cheerful reply. '*He giveth songs in the night.*' No need of a crutch for this strong soul.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Blunders.

Unless our knowledge be correct, we lose half of its usefulness. It is amusing to observe the broad line of demarcation between genteel bad grammar and that of uneducated people. An ignorant person uses adjectives instead of adverbs and says, 'This letter is written shocking'; a genteel bungler uses adverbs instead of adjectives, as, 'This letter *looks* shockingly.' Don't add any more to the already large list of those who say, 'Not as I know.' 'Not that I know' is correct. 'I cannot see but what you are right' should be 'but that you are right.' The following examples illustrate how easily an intended meaning can be changed by a wrong arrangement of words or phrases: 'The man was digging a well with a Roman nose.' 'Wanted, a young man to take care of some horses of a religious turn of mind.' 'He obtained a situation of great profit at the beginning of his career.' 'These verses were written by a young man who has long lain in his grave for his own amusement.' 'A public dinner was given to the inhabitants of roast beef and plum pudding.—'Christian Work.'

A Batch of Recipes.

From 'Food, Home and Garden,' we have the following recipes:

Graham Bread.—Take three pounds fresh Graham flour, one yeast cake, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt and sufficient lukewarm water and white flour to form a stiff batter. Set to rise, and when light, knead the whole, adding a little white flour to prevent it sticking to the hands. Raise again, and when light, knead into loaves and raise again. When light, place in the oven and bake one hour. If accustomed to baking white bread, you can take a pint of white sponge and add Graham flour to it and make brown bread by following above recipe. It is not well to stir up Graham batter at night, as it may sour.

Boston Steamed Brown Bread.—One and a half coffee cupful each of corn, rye and Graham meal, one teaspoonful salt, one and a half teaspoonful soda. Sift or mix together. Put in two cupfuls New Orleans molasses and two cupfuls sweet milk. Beat together and pour into a tin form. Place in a kettle of cold water. Steam four hours.

Date Sandwiches.—Cut *thin* slices of bread. Butter lightly. Spread with dates chopped fine. Form the sandwiches, trim off the crusts.

Date and Apple Sauce.—Two cupfuls of prepared dates in a pint of apple sauce. The dates will serve to sweeten the apples; unless the apples are exceedingly tart no sugar will be needed.

Date Bread.—Knead a cupful of prepared dates into each loaf of risen bread just before putting it into the pan to rise the last time. A cupful of raisins, a cupful of chopped figs or currants may be used in the same way.

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